

# Tis Merrie wthen Gossips meete.

NEWLY ENLARGED,  
With diuers merry Songes,  
*sung by a Fidlers Boy.*



LONDON,  
Printed by W.W  
are to be  
Deane and



## In Commendations of this Booke.

I Cannot tell how others will thee like,  
But my conceit is, thou art passing wittie:  
No viperous tongue thy pleasant vaine will strike;  
And if they should (in faith) the more t'were pittie.  
Thou medlest not with VViues which ciuill bee,  
But VViddowes wanton; Maydes of meanest degree:  
VVhat reason then haue Enuious, enuie thee?

Thou art not seated in a sumptuous Chaire,  
Nor do thy Lines import of Maiestie:  
Thy Table is not deck'd with costly fare:  
Thy Seruants at a call, Anon will crie.  
Indeed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,  
No spurre to enuy, nor no prop for Strife)  
Good VVine, which cheare's a VVidow, Mayde, or wife

I thou art not thrack't with Bawdy riball stuppe,  
Nor doost thou touch in ought a Vertuous creature:-  
One need'st not care though Vice at thee do snuffe,  
ious man is like a fiery Meature,  
His wyes farre off a terror to the eye,  
flask of Lightning soone doth dye:  
of Myrth, and not of hate, art framed.  
friendly meeter - t thou named.

I. S.





# Tis merry when Gossips meet.

*The Conference.*

**G**oodden good Coullen; Iesu, how de'e do?

**G**Vhen shall we eate another Dagger Pie?

*Widdow.*

You are a stranger, Christ when met we two?

I Muse you do not call as you go by:

**V**hat lucky businesse prä'y hath brought you hither,  
That we should meet at Taxerne-doore together?

In truth (kind Couffe) my comming's from the Fawne,  
But I protest I lost my labour there:

*Wife.*

A Gentleman promist to giue me Lawne,  
And did not meet me, which he well shall heare.

Some lets may happen in the way vnowne:

He hath been hindred, that's to bide vpon.

*Widdow.*

**V**Vhy how now Bess? to passe vnseene doost think

Wherc go'lt my wench? Bess: To see my brother Steue

Heer's Widdow, Wife, and Mayde: Esayth let's d

A parting Pint, and so God make vs cuen:

Slip in Good Couffer

One pinte of kind

# Tis merry vwhen

wife.

Mayde.

Widdow.

Widdow.

Wife.

Widdow.

wife.

No in good faith: Introth I must away,  
My husbands forth, our shop must needs be tended,  
My Mother's gone to Church, I cannot stay,  
If I be found from home, shce'le be offended:  
Ile lead the way my selfe: Lord, here's a life,  
I know these shifts since I was Maide and Wife.

Vintner.

Widdow.

Wife.

Vintner.

Y're welcome Gentle-women; what Wine drinke ye?  
Al's one to me: what say you Mistris Besse.  
What wine's the best for our complexions thinke ye?  
I haue no Physicke, (Wife) yet good brother gesse?  
Why ha'st good Claret? (Vint.) the best in London.  
Either fill good be briefe, or leau't vandon.

Heere Gentlewomen, this is neat and pure,  
tast it Couz, you know good Wine and Beere.  
Lord, good Lord, that you grow so demure:  
we come we heere  
and Mistris Besse,  
no lesse.

Tis

# Gosips meere.

Tis pretty wine in truth: nay fill your Cup,  
Wee'le haue no pingling now we are alone,  
If heere were men, I would not drinke it vp  
For twenty pounds my selfe? but now al's one:

Sometime wet lip, and smell the Wine's enuffe,  
And leese a kisse, rather then marre our Ruffe.

But now let's barre dissembling to be merry,  
And in good earnest entertaine our Wines;  
This touch, and taste, makes the senses weary,  
What reason now wee should be foolish fine?  
No Louers nor no Suters heere, that sees it,  
We haue good time and liquor, let's not leese it.

Content (say I) nay Besse Ile be thy skinker.  
In truth (forsooth) a full Cup doth excell:  
Good Lord, I am become a mighty drinker.  
Another Pint; the fellow vs'd vs well.

I by my troth, the wine is good in truth:  
Fill tother Pint, (wid) Prethee go right sweet youth.

Now Couffe, heere's to our friends in Soperlane.  
Let come sweet Couzen, I will pledge them all.  
But Iesu Christ! what is become of Jane?  
Oh, she is gone to dwell by London-Wall:  
Good God (insooth) I neuer was more merry,  
Then when we both did dwell in Bucklers-berry.

wife.  
Mayd.  
Widdow.  
wife.

widdow.  
wife.  
widdow.  
Wife.  
widdow.

# Tis merry vwhen

Now heauenly Christ, how pleasant we haue bin,  
But yet one time we had a cruell stirre,  
A Drapers man and she were mighty in.

Wife. I pra'y, whats she with him, or he with her?

VViddow. Fayth both in loue: Well, *Jane's* an honest Mayd;  
But Lord the prankes that we mad VVenches playd.

My Mistresse got my Maister to consent  
One Midsommer, shée being very ill,  
To leaue the City, and go lye in *Kent*,  
By which good hap, we had the house at will:

Wife. There *Roger, Jane, and I*, met euery night?

VViddow. Heere Besse: good Brother fil's a quart of VVhite.

VViddow. No Musique in the Euening we did lacke,  
Such dauncing Coussen you would hardly thinke it?  
Whole pottles of the daintiest burned Sack,  
T'would do a wench good at the heart to drinke it:  
Such store of tickling Galliands, I do vow,  
Not an old Dance, but *John come kisse me now*.

And let them talke, and praise the marriage life  
To be so full of pleasure as they say  
I that haue liu'd both Widdow, Maide, and Wife,  
And try'd all pleasures euery kind of way,  
Know what to do, and will maintaine this still,  
That of the three, Maides haue the world at will.

Efaish

# Gossips meete.

Efayth they haue and haue not? for you know,  
(Put to the doore, heere's none but friendes you see)  
They say, Loue creepeth where it cannot go:  
Maids must be married, least they mar'd should bee:  
I will be sworne, before I saw fiftene,  
I wisht that I my wedding day had seene.

wife.

Tush tittle tattle: *Besse*, it must be done.  
My Coussen thinkes not as her words import,  
I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nunne:  
Oh, flesh is fraile, we are a sinfull sort,  
I know that beautious wenches are inclinde  
To harbour handsome men within their minde.

Coussen, you meane because a Mayd is free,  
Hauing no head to keepe her body vnder,  
She liues a life not bound so much as we:  
The Iest is simple, and it makes me wonder,  
That you which haue with *Venus* sports bin fed,  
Should put such errors in a Maydens head.

Nay, but I pray you vnderstand my reason,  
The youthfull faours that they do attaine,  
For this you know, that all the wooing season,  
Sutors with Gifts continuall seeke to gaine  
Their Mistresse loue, to ioyne with their affection,  
With words and Liues, humbled in subiection.

Widdow.

# Tis merry vvh'en

Wife.

Tha'ts very true, the bountie of their loues,  
Are lib'rall still with many a kind respect?  
In conscience I had twenty paire of Gloues  
When I was Maide, giuen to that effect:  
Garters, Knives, Purses, Girdles, store of Rings,  
And many a hundred dainty pretty things.

VViddow. Well Cozen well, those daies in date be past.

wife. Tis very true, with vs that world doth change,  
Heere stands a cup of V Vine, pray who drank last?

VViddow. VVhy that did I, to Bess: Lord, Maids be strange:

They looke for thousand words of Sweet, and Pray,  
And take few things, to which they say not nay.

Mayd.

T'is Maidens modesty to vse deniali,

A willing offer commeth twice or thrice.

VViddow.

But heere's a cup of W ine doth stand for triall,  
Your Maiden-ship takes liquor in too nice :

Pray mend your fault kind Bess, wee'l none of that,  
V Vine and Virginity kept stale, drinke flat.

Mayd.

You are to blame, in truth, we drinke like men,  
Now by my truely I am eu'en ashamed.

VViddow.

Tut, wench, God knowes when we shall meet agen;  
Nor need we feare of husbands to be blamed:

Our eent of wine shall not by them be felt,  
The married wife in kissing will be smelt.

Oh

# Gossips meete.

Oh Couz, if that be all the worst, I care not,  
Ile take allowance euen with the best:  
This Cup to you, you shall not say, I dare not:  
My husband smell? Oh Iesu! there's a iest,  
I care as little for my husbands smelling,  
As any wench this houre in London dwelling.

Wife.

T'is well you need not, sure I take him kinde.  
As kind a man as woman need to lye with.  
Would I as well were fittet to my minde,  
A louing man who would not live and die with.  
My husband did to other Loues incline.  
Nay mine is constante by this cup of Wine.

Widdow.

wife.

Mayde.

widdow.

wife.

Now Christ, how Wives and Widdowes take occasions  
T'Enlarge their husbands credit, or dispraise:  
Some harbour ielous thoughts, some kind perswasions:  
In some match men, in some the woman straies:  
And when they meet, they so discourse and scan  
About whose choyce hath got the kindest man.

Mayde.

Alas (good Besse) thou speakest thou know'st not what,  
Thy iudgment is not worth a Walnut-shell:  
There's an old graue proverbe tel's vs, that  
Such as dye Maydes, do al lead Apes in Hell?  
I rather whiles I hue, would yearly marry,  
Then waighting-maide on such preferment carry.

wife.

B.

That

# Tis merry vvhen

Mayde. That Prouerbes proofe can do you little stead,  
But married Wives oft giues, and takes such claps,  
*Taurus* so rules and guides their husbands head,  
That euery night they sleepe in Horn-worke caps.  
I pray what Prouerbe is it that allowes  
The Diuels picture on your Husbands browes

Widdow. Enough you wrangling Wenches, fie for shame,  
Take me in drinke, leaue our your disputation:  
Pray Brother fill a Pinte more of the same.  
Wife. Coussen, belike you meane to drinke in fashion,  
We shall be trim'd, and haue our wits refinde,  
Efaith we shall, if you may haue your minde.

Widdow. Now to your Husband Cousse, this full carouse,  
Wife. In truth I pledge you, and I thanke you truely:  
To all our friends *Besse* at your Mothers house.  
Mayd. Thankes gentle Mistris *Grace*, I dranke but newly.  
Wife. Besrew my heart, this wine is not the worst.  
Widdow. Good-faith me thinkes tis better then the first.

Wife. But Coussen, prethee art not yet towarde marrage?  
Widdow. Truely I am, and am not, as it standes:  
A Gentleman of passing gallant car'age,  
Doth ply me hard; one that has pretie Lands:  
Handsomer man neuer in shoo did tread,  
By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To

# JOISIPS meete.

To try his loue, sometimes I faigne me sicke,  
And (by this Candle) he will sit and weepe.

Now by my troth, that's ene my Good-mans tricke, Wife.  
Let me complaine; Christ what a coyle hee'le keepe:  
Asking what ayles my sweet-heart, tell me Honny,  
My Loue, my Doue, my Lambe, my pretty Conny?

See see, how say : But sirra Couffen, than  
I force a sigh, with halfe a dozen grones;  
This comes (sayes he) to lye without a man.

My Husband fayes, kind Loue, thou breedst yong bones. Wife.  
Well John (say I) you iest to see my paine,  
Then (by this Wine) the foole will weepe againe.

Couffe, you are happy you haue such a one.  
Make much of him, a Iewell Wench thou hast:  
But I had one would let me grunt and grone,  
The veriest Clowne; but well, tis gone and past,  
If he had liu'd Couffen, I doe protest,  
I would haue done a thing: well, let that rest.

- Ille never trust a Red-hair'd man againe,  
If I should liue a hundred yeares, that's flat:  
His rune cannot be seru'd with one or twaine;  
And how can any woman suffer that?

I know tis better to take wrong, then doe it,  
But yet in such a case flesh leads vs to it.

B 2.

Why

6

IT IS MERRY WVNCE

Mayde.

Why, is a red-hair'd man so bad of life?  
What say you to a yellow flaxen haire?  
Not one among a hundred true t'his wife,  
That constant loyall-harted thoughts doth beare:  
They loue, but how? as did the Youth of Greece,  
From euery Wench to gaine a Golden Fleece.

widdow.

And they whose mindes haue this corrupt infection,  
(Because I would haue Besse to take good heede,) Are such as are cal'd Sanguine of complection,  
I prethee Girle, let no such Suter speeche:  
I speake it by experience and good triall,  
Of all haire-cullours, giue that haire deniall.

A Nat-browne colour, or an Aburne either,  
May both do well, and are to be alow'd:  
A Waxen colour hath no great fault neither:  
But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,  
It shall by me perpetuall be abhord,  
And with my heeles I scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard seemes scar'd with Sprites t'haue bin,  
That wants the worthiest grace, length, bredth & thick-  
And hath no defference twixt his nose and chin, (nes,  
But all his haires haue got the falling sicknes,  
Whose fore-frant lookes like Jack-an-Apes behind,  
She that can loue him, beares a scuruy minde.

# Goisips meeete.

I pray, what lay you to my Husband then?  
The rāt'it Complection that you can devise,  
The Golden sentence prooues Blacke-bearded men,  
Are precious Pearles in beautious womens eyes:  
Their loyall heartes none iustly can controule,  
I loue a blacke man Couzen, with my soule.

Wife.  
Widaow.

Let Besse note this? for when I was a Maide,  
and to the loue of men began to bow,  
I gaue great eare to that which women said,  
VVhen they were merry met, as we are now:  
Yea and my mother did perswade me too,  
VVench (would she say) note what your Elders doo.

wifē.

That lesson without Booke was straight mine owne,  
She need not to repeate it ouer twice,  
I quickly smelt what t'was to liue alone,  
VVhat to be kind in loue,what to be nice:  
Anan,anan,what i'st (forsooth)you lacke?  
Sauceages Brother, and a pint of Sacke.

Vintner.  
Widdow.

No more in sadnessse, now t'is time to part,  
In conscience it is sixe a clocke at least,  
VVee'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart.  
They say enough's as good as any feast:  
In deed my VVench, enough's a feast, that's right,  
But we want that, which lye alone all night.

Mayde.

Widdow.

Mayd.

VViddow.

B 3.

You

# T IS MERRY VVnen

Wife.

You both may mende that matter when you will,  
Whose fault i' st but your owne you do not marrie?  
God made not *Besse* to live a Mayden still,  
Faith t'is my Mothers counsell that I tarrie.

Mayd.

She alwayes sayes, when youngmen comes a woing,  
Stay daughter stay, you must not yet be doing.

VVidow.

Now in good faith your mother is too blame,  
To wish so womanly a wench to stay?  
She knowes fifteene, may Husbands iustly claime.  
Fifteene, why I was that last Lady-day:

You are deceiu'd for I am no such youth,  
I am sixteene when next March comes, in truth.

VVidow.

Befarew my heart but that's a goodly time,  
I would to Christ that I could say so too,  
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,  
Nor stand and aske my Mother what to doo,

No, I could tell I trow, as well as she,

Toward Batchelours, how Maidens ought to be.

Mayde.

I, I know something too : but what of that?

Our Parents willes you know must bee obey'd.

Well, say they must ; yet shall I tell you what

A Scoller told me when I was a Mayd,

Of Marriage knot, they haue no power to breake it,

Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did speake it.

Wife.

T'was

# Gossips meete.

T'was nothing but sound truth which he did tell,  
For husbands, we our parents must forsake.

Widdow.

Were this wine burn'd Couflen, it would do well,  
Faith I was thinking on it when you spake?

Wife.

Mayde.

My Mother layes burnt Sacke is good at night,  
A'my word Besse; your Mother's in the right.

Vvife.

Brother, I prethee let this wine be burn'd,  
And see (good youth) the Sauceages be ready:  
To one good meaning our three mindes be turn'd,  
When Sacke is sugerid t'will not be so heady,

Widdow.

We drinke so much, my cheeks are passing warme,  
Sweete Elzabeth, good wine can do no harme.

Mayde.

Vvife.

Yet trust me, Couflen, when I was a Gирle,  
For Tauerne no young-man could get me to it,  
Neither for Loue, Gold, precious Stones, or peartle:  
My tongue deny'd, when heart inclin'd to do it:

For (by my faith) I euer lou'd good Wine,  
But oft refram'd, I was so Mayden fine:

VVell, wot you Besse to whom Ile drinke to now?  
Sure as I liue, vnto your Sister Siffe,  
And to the Youth that did the angell bow,  
And sent it for a token: truth halfe this:

Widdow.

He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,  
Resoule it, or you wrong him Besse, in sooth.

# Tis merry vwhen

Mayd. His loue to mee I little do regard,

Perhaps my Sister doth respect it more.

VViddow. Then Elsabeit, in truth you vse him hard.

Mayde. How hard? he had his answere long before,

I will not loue him what so e'er befalle,

Ile haue a handsome man or none at all.

VViddow. Go to, go to, his riches doth excell,

Mayde. A Figge for wealth, tis Person I affect.

VViddow. You are a foole, he will maintaine you well.

Mayde. I tell you, I a proper man respect:

De'ethinke that I with such a Dwarffe will store me,

That shall disgrace me as he goes before me.

Ile haue a comely man from head to foote,

In whose neate limbis no blemish can be spide:

VVhose legge shall grace his Stocking or his Boote,

And weare his Rapier manly by his side:

VVith such a one my humour doth agree,

He shall be welcome to my bed and mee.

Wife. Besse, and th'art wife, hold that opinion still,

For were I to begin the world to morrow,

In such a choice, I would my minde fulfill:

And so I drinke to thee: come on, hang sorrow:

VVench, let it be thy rule at any hand,

To make thy choyce cuen as thy mind doth stand.

Many

# Gossips meete.

Many do match (as true as this is wine)  
VVith some Dunce, Clowne, or Gul, they care not who,  
For no cause but to be maintained fine,  
And haue their wills in what they please to do:  
VVhen their hearts loues as much in other things,  
As there is vertue in mine Apron-stringes.

Faith tis too true: Fough, what a filthy smell?  
As sure as death I am ene like to choake.  
Mee thinkes I feele my selfe not very well.  
Now out vpon't it is Tobacco smoake:  
Knocke Cousen knocke, heere is a filthy smother,  
For Gods loue quick: some Juniper sweet Brother.

There cannot be a more detested stinke:  
And yet you see how daintie many makes it.  
As true as this is wine that I doe drinke,  
I would not for a Crownē kisse one that takes it.  
My Husband is so kind an honest man,  
That heele touch none, if I say, do not han.

His commendations certaine is the more,  
With one an other weare bound to beare,  
He beares with you, fauour you him therefore.  
Surely I do, as both of you shall heare:  
Tis death to him, to smell but a Goose-pye,  
And therefore Goose-flesh never do I buy.

C.

That's

# Tis merry vvhen

viddov.

That's a strange matter sures I loue a Goose,  
But for a Wood-cocke I did neuer care,  
Whern I eat Pigge it makes my body loose,  
I loue a tender Rabber, or a Hare,  
A Turkey pie, or Pigion for a need:  
But on grosse Butchers flesh I cannot feed.

wife.

Coussen, when I lay in of my first Boy,  
Lord how I long'd to eate a partridge winge,  
And when it came my stomacke had no ioy,  
But all my minde was of another thing: (buy.)

Thou shalt lacke nought (quoth John) that gold will  
Why then (sweet heart) lets haue a Cherry-pye.

If London yeeld it (Lone) thou shalt not lacke,  
So kind, methinkes I heare him still repeat it:  
But hasting downe the staires, I cald him backe;  
Tis full of stones (quoth I) I cannot eat it:

With that he kist me, and began to weepe,  
And I being somewhat heauy fell asleepe.

But then I fell into the strangest dreame  
Of fire and water, that you cuer heard:  
And I was troubled Cousse the most extreame  
With one all night, that had a yellow beard:  
And with a Cocke had neither spurres nor combe  
And with the little Bitch you haue at home.

Why

# Gossips meete.

Why surely now you talke of dreames in sadesse,  
I dreamt last night two Cattes did leape and skip,  
Playing togeather with great sport and gladnesse,  
Vntill one came to part them with a whip:

I laughed that my heart did ake there at,  
To see the foolish fellow whip the Cat.

Widdow.

A pretty iest: But Besse to whom de'e drinke?  
I spy a fault, you do your selfe forget:  
The Wine stands waiting in the cup me thinke,  
Prethee my Wench, lets haue our lips kept wet.

wife.

I pledge thee my Girle: nay sweet now drinke it vp,  
A Gossips round, that's euery one a Cup.

*Musitians comes in.*

Coussen,heer's Fidlers, let vs heare a Song:  
But looke my friendes it be a pleasing thing.  
I am afayd then wee shall stay too long.  
No, no, I warrant: come on, quickly sing.

widdow.

Let it touch men I pray, in any case:

Mayde.

This Youth (mee thinkes) will doe it with a grace.

VVid

VV

*The Songe.*

What's a Womans chiefe delight?  
To giue Man his heartes content,  
How doth hee the same require?  
Loue her till the sport be spent.

You that doubt it, doe but try,  
Men will flatter, cogge, and lye!

C 2.

VVid

10

# Tis merry vvhen

With bewitching words they sue,  
Vowing constant fayth and loue;  
Woemen thinke their oaths be true,  
Till (poore Soules) they trie and prooue,  
Then they finde, when helpe is past,  
For a night their loue doth last.

Their owne Stories tell their liues,  
How vncoustant they haue delt,  
Honest Widdowes, Maides, and Wiues,  
Haue their double dealings felt:  
All will say that are not blind  
Men are false, and Woemen kinde.

When they vow, trust not their swearing,  
When they smile, thinke they will frowne;  
Giue their flattering but the hearing,  
If they can, thei'lc put you downe:  
Since they seeke your ouerthrow,  
Keape them from the thing, you know.

For to be in great request,  
Make your loue exceeding strange,  
Try good earnest, out in iest,  
Deale with Flatterers by chaunge;  
As they come, so let them passe,  
Turne dissemblers out to Grasse.

FINIS.

111111

Now

# Gossips meete.

Now God-amercy Boy, this song is true,  
I prethee drinke, tis good to mend thy voice.

Widdow.

Hast thou not such an other that is new?

Wife.

Yes, I haue one is cald, *The Maides bad choyce*:

Boye.

Pen'd by a Mayd her selfe, whose constant truth

VWas lately wronged by a Marchants Youth.

Widdow. Sing it prethee.

## The Song.

You London Maides, giue care to me,  
that am in loue, your owne,  
And borne within the Citty walles,  
well Friended, and well knowne.

My selfe I will not seeme to praise,  
it were a note of pride,  
What beauty there is in my Face,  
or comely Limbes, beside.

My ready witt, and quick conceipt,  
to breake a nimble iest,  
And all good partes, and qualitics,  
I meane to let them rest.

The

11

# Tis merry vwhen

The Art I haue in Needle worke,  
Imbrod'ry ritch in Gold:  
With Lace and Stich, and euery thing  
That may or can be told.

For Dauncing, and my skill in Songe,  
I must, and will be mute:  
My playing on the Virginals,  
And tickling of the Lute.

He burie all mine owne good partes,  
And of a Youth will speake,  
Whose most vnknde bad qualities,  
Doth make my heart to break.

How hee is cald, I will conceale,  
and not reueale the same;  
Because I leaue him like a Jew,  
Without a Christian name.

Hee plide mee long, as fuxers doe,  
(I meane these subtil men)  
And wee had often meetinges too,  
In skils not where, and when,

Hee

# Gossips meete.

Hee vow'd hee lou'd mee constantly,  
farre dearer then his life,  
And would himselfe destroy himselfe,  
except I were his Wifc.

I being, (as poore wenches be,)  
most kind, where loue doth sting:  
Consented too, (I shame totell :)  
and let him do the thing.

This done, which cannot be vndone,  
(tis now sixe months too late :)  
I am turnd off, my Youth hath got  
an other louing Mate.

One that hath neither witte, nor weakh,  
beautie, nor comely gracie;  
One that is Kitchin-stuffe to mee,  
her Stocke is knowen so baske.

Fie, who would trust this wicked world?  
Maydens take heede, be wifc,  
I am not VViddow, VVifc, nor Mayde,  
but of an other size.

*FINIS.*

# I IS merry vvhen

Alayd.

I like this Song exceeding well indeede,  
Heers sixe pence toward the musicke with my heart.

Wife.

Besse, ti's good warning wench for you; take heed.

Mayde.

He see him han'gd would play mee such a part:

Hee that should come and offer but to feele,  
I would en'e scorne that fellow with my heele.

widdow.

VVell, go too Couffe, goe forward with the rest.

Wife.

VVhat rest I pray? I know not what you meane.

Widow.

No, why of her that is your neighbours guest?

Wife.

T's true, t's true; my gallant silken Queane:

I had forgot the talke I was about,

The Fidlers comming in, cleane put me out.

VVhy, shee for sooth (an't please you) is so fine,

Shee neuer drinkes, vilesse shee dine or sup,

And then shee hath her peonic pot of wine.

Marry and gip, some body take her vp:

Some Doctors wench a'my word for her skill,

That takes in Diet by the Dram and Pill.

My Husband doth allow mee, hebe sworne,

A pint a meale, as true as wee sit hecre:

I tell you (as my friends) I would en'e scorne,

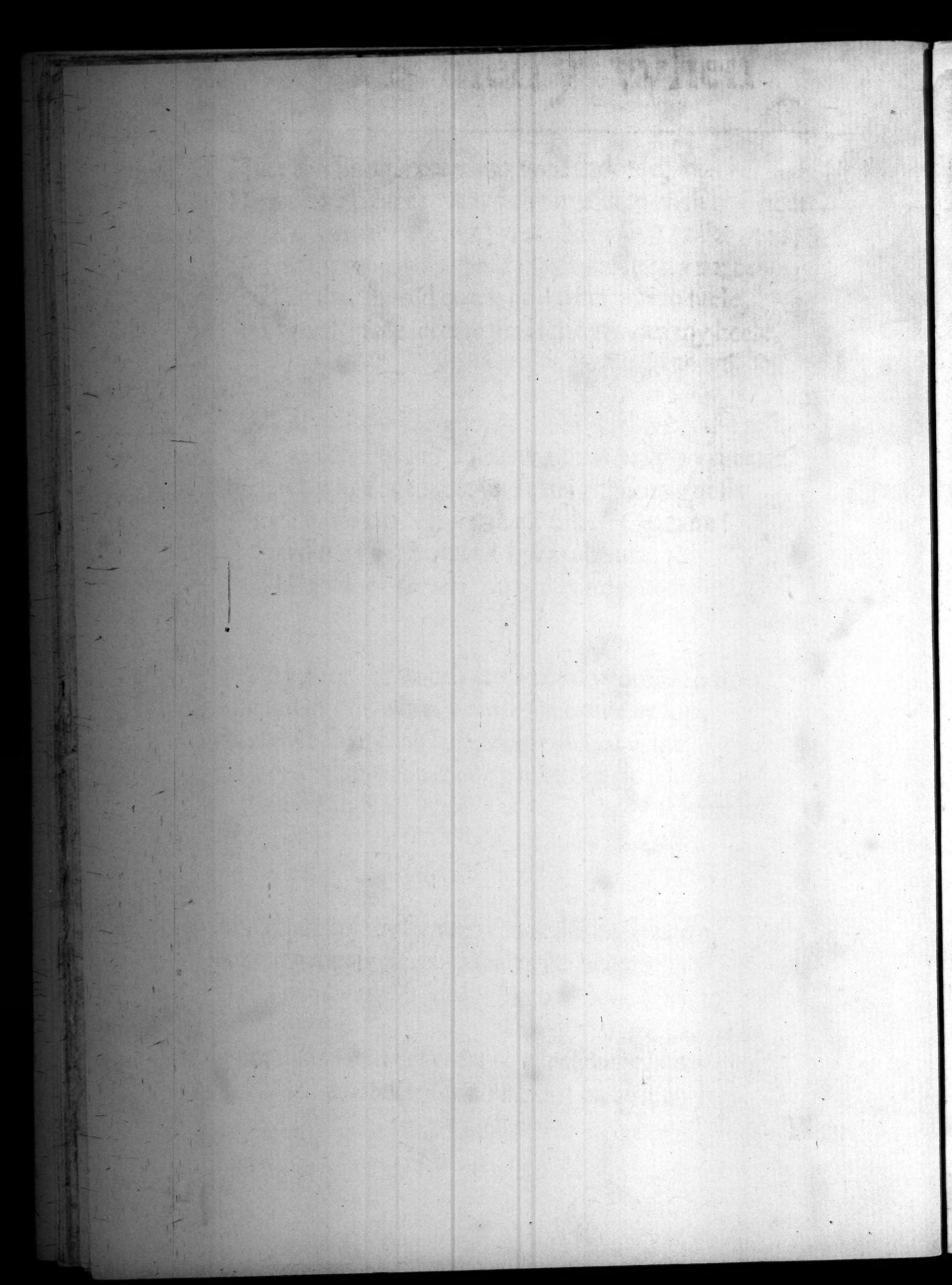
To dine or suppe without it in a yeare:

Hee knowes (efayth) to please mee in my dict,

Or for a month I shall be out of quiet.

Then





# Golsips m

Some simple Fools, (all manners to  
Comes on mee with the French salte.  
And sayes, Sweete, mend your draft, you  
In troth you shew your self too Maydet  
Drinke better Lady, at my kind reque  
I say (sweete Sir) I can no wine digest.

Marry wee'le beare you witnesse when ye  
Ile take my oath on twenty Table-bookeſ,  
The last full Cup hath made you mighty ill:  
Some *Rosa-solis*: ſee how pale ſhee lookeſ,  
An other pint of that ſhee tasted laſt,  
To breake winde with, and then the worſt is paſt.

Good (e'fayth) good, my Couſſe is in the vaine,  
Ile matc h for it Wench, I hold a Crowne:  
Fill none, vnfleſſe you'le drinke about againe.  
Content ſay I, you ſhall not put me downe:  
How ſay'ſt thou *Besse*, ſhall it be ſo  
If I make one, pray God my Gi

Talke not ſo loud, what will fo  
The very Vintners Boy laugh  
Had I ſene that, I would haue  
VVhy maister Boy, weele pay  
Base Groome, I ſay, although  
Know ſmooth fac'd Knauc, I a

Dz.

14

# erry vvhēn

es my Cousen be so hot?  
I know Boyes sawcy be,  
rgiuen, nor forgot:  
yes (you flauē) by such as wee:  
k'ning; let's know what's to pay;  
I scorne a minute more to stay.

ay; is it your Maisters minde,  
Boy shoulde flout guests when they drinke?  
s will is for to vse you kind,  
ith him more my friend, then he doth thinke:  
hat is thy name? *Vint.* Forsooth my name is *Will.*  
hat country-man? *Vint.* Forsooth at Fish-street hill,

iam, wee come not neere to be abused,  
re are more Tauernes besides your's in towne:  
ee can goe where wee might be curteous vsed.  
forsooth, my fellow's but a Clowne:  
some credit where wee dwell:  
s should vse their betters well.

vere but your owne,  
are at this season,  
where you are vnknowne,  
*Vint.* By my fayth no reason!  
It like a youth of sense,  
is a great offence.

And

# Gossips me

And *VVilliam*, I would haue you v<sup>e</sup> i<sup>e</sup> stand,  
Wee'le pay your Maister for the *VV.* we haue.  
O Lord forsooth, as sure as in my hand,  
*VVilliam*, we come not to intreate or craues:  
We met together *William*, at your doore,  
And entred for a Pint, which fals out more,

h

*VVilliam*, we will not be beholding (ice yee)  
Unto your Maister more then to an other:  
Tis for good Wine and welcome, we come to yee,  
Or farewell *VVilliam*, and you were my Brother:  
And therefore *VVilliam*, this abuse we scorne,  
For we are *London Gentle-women* borne.

Why *VVilliam* know, heer's neither *Cisse* nor *Kate*.  
No, so God helpe me, I do see you are not.  
Thinkes sawce your fellow, wee vse Parrets prate,  
*VVilliam*, our talke is honest, and we care not  
If all the Parish were in place to hear us,  
No by this Cup. (*Vint.*) I faith you need not sweare it

Forsooth, I trust your *VVine* was very good;  
*William*, I graunt the *Vine* was not amisse,  
But that base Boy hath vext me to the blood:  
A Man, *VVilliam*, would nere haue offer'd this;  
The Prouerbe sayes, tis manners that doth make,  
*William*, giue Guests good words for manners sake.

Wi.

15

# jerrey vvhen

*VV*illiam, when camſt thou in this House to dwell?  
Forſooth about three yeeres agone, laſt May.

*VV*illiam, ſerue God, and please thy Maifer well,  
T'will be thine owne *William*, an other day:  
Your Maifer's married *William*, is he not?  
Yes forſoothly, yes; a Miftrefſe I haue got.

*W*oman. *VV*illiam, your Maifer hath no Children by her?

*W*oman. No forſooth, but I thinke ſhe bee with Child,  
To haue a Boy ſhe hath a great deſire.

*W*oman. So would not I (*VV*illiam) for Boyes be wilde,  
Though Girtles cry (*William*) till they be bepift,  
*William*, giue me a Girtle, take Boyes who liſt.

Couſen you doe forget your ſelfe, mee-thinke,  
*VV*hen *Beffe* and I come home, wee ſhall be chid.  
Pray fill the Cup to *VV*illiam, let him drinke.  
In truthe forſooth t'is the laſt thing I did.  
Good *VV*illiam drinke, I preecthee *William* doo.  
Forſooth I pledge you, and I thanke ye too.

*VV*illiam, let's know to pay, and there's an end?  
Marry forſooth, three Shillinges and a Penay.  
*VV*illiam, lay downe their Mony, none ſhall ſpend:  
Couſen, and *Beffe*, pray'e do not offer any:  
Harke, Bow-bell ringes: before the Lord tis late:  
*VV*illiam, good night, pree-thee take vp thy Plate.

*F I N I S.*

*S. R.*

